



The Riverman

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Stewart
Edward White

By
Stewart
Edward White

(Continued.)

Chapter 6

NEWMARK followed the thirty-three days' work of the log drive with great interest. Gradually the men got used to him and ceased to treat him as an outsider. The drive went down as far as Redding in thirty-three days. The men worked fourteen and sixteen hours at times. Several bad jams relieved the monotony. Problems of mechanics arose to be solved on the spot. Orde solved them by a rough and ready rule of thumb. He built structures which would have furnished a winter's discussion to some committees, just as the loggers had built through a rough country hundreds of miles of road better than railroad grade and smooth as a turnpike, the quarter of which would have occupied the average county board of supervisors for five years.

The drive was to be delivered at the booms of Morrison and Daly above the city of Redding, a thriving place of about 50,000 inhabitants situated on a long rapids forty miles from Lake Michigan.

The last camp was made six or eight miles above the mill. A good proportion of the rivermen, eager for the town, tramped down the road, to return early in the morning more or less drunk. One or two did not return.

Among the revelers was the cook, Charlie, commonly called "the doctor," and he moped about disconsolately. In the evening he looked so much like a chicken with the pips that Orde's attention was attracted.

"Got that dark brown taste, Charlie?" he inquired, with mock solicitude.

"I tell you I only had two glasses of beer!" cried Charlie, goaded.

"Then why this joyless demeanor?" begged Orde.

Charlie grumbled bitterly inarticulate, but Johnny Challen interposed with a chuckle of enjoyment.

"He got 'bunked,'" said Orde.

"Tell us," cried Orde delightedly.

"It was down at McNeill's place," explained Johnny Challen. "They was a couple of sports there who throwed out three cards back up on the table and bet you couldn't pick the jack."

They showed up where the jack was before they throwed, and it surely looked like a picnic, but it wasn't."

"Three card monte," said Newmark.

"How much?" asked Simms.

"About \$50," replied the boy.

Orde turned on the disgruntled cook.

"And you had fifty in your turkey clamping with this outfit of hard citizens?" he cried. "You ought to lose it."

Johnny Challen was explaining to his companions exactly how the game was played.

At this point Newmark broke into the discussion.

"Have you a pack of cards?" he asked in his dry, incisive manner.

An old deck was produced.

Newmark cleared a cracker box of drying socks and drew it to him.

"These three are the cards," he said, speaking rapidly. "There is the jack of hearts. I pass my hands—so. Pick the jack, one of you," he challenged.

"Any of you," he urged. "You, North."

The foreman leaned forward and rather hesitatingly laid a blunt forefinger on one of the cards. It was the ten of spades. "Let me try," interposed Tim Nolan. "I bet I can pick her."

"Oh, yes, you bet!" shrugged Newmark. "And that's where the card sharps get you fellows every time." He deftly flipped the cards.

Nolan, who had watched keenly, indicated one without hesitation. Again it proved to be the ten of spades.

Everybody was ambitious, and the young man, with inexhaustible patience, threw out the cards, the corners of his mouth twitching sardonically at each wrong guess. At length he called a halt. "By this time I'd have had all your money," he pointed out. "Now I'll pick the jack." He made his swift passes and distributed the cards. Then, quite calmly, without disturbing the three on the cracker box, he held up the jack of hearts.

An exclamation broke from the group. Nolan leaned forward and turned over the three on the board. They were the eight of diamonds and two tens of spades.

"That's how the thing is worked," announced Newmark. "Once in a while you'll run against a straight game, but not often."

"But you showed us the jack every time before you throwed them!" puzzled Johnny Simms.

"Sleight of hand," explained Newmark. "The simplest kind of palming."

Chapter 7

ABOUT a dozen of the crew appeared in the evening to go with Orde. They set out up the long reach of Water street, their steel calks biting deep into the pitted board walks.

For nearly a mile the street was flanked solely by lumber yards, small mills and factories. Then came a strip of unimproved land, followed immediately by the wooden, ramshackle structures of Holl's Half Mile.

As yet the season was too early for much joy along Holl's Half Mile. Orde's little crew and the forty or fifty men of the drive that had preceded him constituted the rank and file at that moment in town. A little later, when all the drives on the river should be in and those of its tributaries and the men still lingering at the woods camps, at least 500 woods weary men would be turned loose. Then Holl's Half Mile would awaken in earnest from its hibernation. The lights would blaze from day to day. From its open windows would blow the music, the cries of men and women, the shuffle of feet, the noise of fighting, the shrieks of wild laughter, curses deep and frank and unashamed, songs broken and interrupted. Crews of men, arms locked, would surge up and down the narrow sidewalks, their little felt hats cocked one side, their heads back, their fearless eyes challenging the devil and all his works—and getting the challenge accepted. Girls would sit across the lit windows like shadows before flames or stand in the doorways hailing the men joyfully by name.

Tonight, however, the street was comparatively quiet. The saloons were of modified illumination. The barkeepers were listlessly wiping the bars. The "pretty waiter girls" gossiped with each other and yawned behind their hands.

In the middle of the third block Orde wheeled sharply to the left down a dark and dangerous looking alley. Another turn to the right brought him into a very narrow street where stood a three story wooden structure into which led a high arched entrance. This was McNeill's.

A figure detached itself from the shadow. Orde uttered an exclamation.

"You here, Newmark?" he cried.

"Yes," replied that young man. "I want to see this through."

"With those clothes?" marveled Orde. "It's a wonder some of these thugs haven't held you up long ago. It's dangerous. You're likely to get stung."

"I can stand it if you can," returned Newmark.

McNeill's lower story was given over entirely to drinking. The second floor was a theater and the third a dance hall. Beneath the building were still viler depths. From this basement the riverman and the shanty boy generally graduated penniless and perhaps unconscious to the street. Now, your lumberjack did not customarily arrive at this stage without lively doings en route; therefore McNeill's maintained a force of fighters, they were burly, sodden men, but strong in their experience and their discipline. To be sure, they might not last quite as long as their antagonists could, but they always lasted plenty long enough. Sand bags and brass knuckles helped some and team work finished the job.

Orde and his men entered the lower hall as though sauntering in without definite aim. The river boss wandered about with the rest, a wide, good natured smile on his face.

Presently he found himself at the table of the three card monte men. The rest of his party gravitated in his direction.

"Do you think you could pick out the jack when I throw these out like this?" asked the dealer.

"Sure! She's that one."

"Well," exclaimed the gambler, "danged if you didn't! I bet you \$5

you can't pick it out."

Again Orde was permitted to pick up the jack.

"You've got the best eye that's been in this place since I got here," exclaimed the dealer. "Here, Dennis," said he to his partner. "You try him."

Dennis obligingly took the cards and lost. By this time the men, augmented by the idlers, had drawn close.

"Whether it was that the gamblers sensed the fact that Orde might be led to plunge or whether they were using

"Sure! She's that one."

him to draw the crowd into their game it would be difficult to say, but twice more they permitted him to win.

Newmark plucked his sleeve.

"You're \$20 ahead," he muttered. "Quit it."

"What limit do you put on this game anyway?" asked Orde.

"How much do you want to bet?"

"Would you stand for \$500?" asked Orde.

The gambler pretended to deliberate, his cool, shifty eyes running over the group before him. A small door immediately behind him swung slowly ajar an inch or so.

To be Continued.)

Fairfield County News.

They took \$51.

A safe in the office of the Danbury Milk Sterilizing company's creamery, was opened during the noon hour last Wednesday and about \$50 taken. John Churilla, aged 12, Albert Renner, aged 11, were arrested. They confessed and restored the money. One of the boys said that John Urachko, aged twelve, had some scheme to rob the safe and had told the Renner boy how to do it. The Urachko boy was arrested.

Fined \$50 and Costs.

George Ivan, a resident in Darien who is employed in Stamford, was fined \$50 and costs Wednesday night, in Darien, for violation of the liquor laws. The specific charge was selling without a license. There was another count, based upon the act framed with the intention to sell liquors at retail from making such sale in a town other than that in which he is licensed to sell the intoxicants, but this was nolle.

Seriously Injured.

Isaac Armstrong, of Danbury was thrown from a carriage and severely injured Thursday afternoon while driving from Redding to Danbury.

Mr. Armstrong was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Della Armstrong, who escaped injury, save for some severe bruises. The accident was caused by the breaking of a clip on one of the shafts, which permitted the carriage to strike the horse. The animal plunged and the vehicle tipped, throwing both Mr. Armstrong and his daughter to the ground. The horse did not run away. It was found that the strong had received a fracture of the collarbone and that three ribs on the left side were broken.

Struck by Auto.

John H. Hoyt, of Newmark was struck and knocked down Thursday by a large automobile. Mr. Hoyt was quite badly bruised about the body and legs, the machine struck him, without the least warning of the horn. It was traveling towards New York city and was on the wrong side of the street.

Mr. Hoyt fell he was thought enough to roll out of the way of the wheels and escaped them by only a fraction of an inch.

Tame Deer in Wilton.

Last June a Mr. Moriarty of Wilton was going through the woods back of the reservoir he found a fawn, so

haunted and almost ready to die. Its mother had evidently been chased by dogs and had cut its fawn. Mr. Moriarty carried the fawn over to his sister's, Mrs. Thomas Nolan, who took it into the house and fed it on warm milk. The deer has become domesticated and frisks and plays around with the members of the family. And whenever it is startled it will run to Mrs. Nolan.

To the Board of County Commissioners for Fairfield County.

I hereby apply for a Druggist's License to sell Spirituous and Intoxicating Liquors, Ale, Lager Beer, Rhine Wine and Cider, at 1655 Main street, Town of Bridgeport, this 15th day of Nov., A. D. 1909.

JAMES P. LEVERITY, Applicant.

We, the undersigned, electors and taxpayers, as defined by law, of the Town of Bridgeport, hereby endorse the application of the above named James P. Levery for such license, and we do severally certify each for himself that we are taxpayers upon real estate situated in said Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 15th day of Nov., A. D. 1909.

WM. THOMAS, Town Clerk.

To the Board of County Commissioners for Fairfield County.

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JAMES P. LEVERITY, Applicant.

To the Board of County Commissioners for Fairfield County.

I hereby apply for a Hotel license to sell Spirituous and Intoxicating Liquors, Ale, Lager Beer, Rhine Wine and Cider, at Seaside Hotel, 218-220 State street, Town of Bridgeport. My place of business is located within feet in a direct line of a Church, Edifice, Parochial School or Public School-house, or the premises pertaining thereto, or any Post Office, Public Library or Cemetery.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 15th day of Nov., A. D. 1909.

C. H. McLEAN, Applicant.

We, the undersigned, electors and taxpayers, as defined by law, of the Town of Bridgeport, hereby endorse the application of the above named C. H. McLean for such license, and we do severally certify each for himself that we are taxpayers upon real estate situated in said Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 15th day of Nov., A. D. 1909.

WM. T. MULLINS, Asst. Town Clerk.

To the Board of County Commissioners for Fairfield County.

I hereby apply for a Druggist's License to sell Spirituous and Intoxicating Liquors, Ale, Lager Beer, Rhine Wine and Cider, at 508 Park avenue, Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 15th day of Nov., A. D. 1909.

JOHN A. LEVERITY, Applicant.

We, the undersigned, electors and taxpayers, as defined by law, of the Town of Bridgeport, hereby endorse the application of the above named John A. Levery for such license, and we do severally certify each for himself that we are taxpayers upon real estate situated in said Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 15th day of Nov., A. D. 1909.

WM. T. MULLINS, Asst. Town Clerk.

To the Board of County Commissioners for Fairfield County.

I hereby apply for a license to sell Spirituous and Intoxicating Liquors, Ale, Lager Beer, Rhine Wine and Cider, at 1355 State street, Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 15th day of Nov., A. D. 1909.

WM. T. MULLINS, Asst. Town Clerk.

To the Board of County Commissioners for Fairfield County.

I hereby apply for a Druggist's License to sell Spirituous and Intoxicating Liquors, Ale, Lager Beer, Rhine Wine and Cider, at 297 Main street, Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 15th day of Nov., A. D. 1909.

THOMAS F. COX, Applicant.

We, the undersigned, electors and taxpayers, as defined by law, of the Town of Bridgeport, hereby endorse the application of the above named Thomas F. Cox for such license, and we do severally certify each for himself that we are taxpayers upon real estate situated in said Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 15th day of Nov., A. D. 1909.

WM. T. MULLINS, Asst. Town Clerk.

To the Board of County Commissioners for Fairfield County.

I hereby apply for a license to sell Spirituous and Intoxicating Liquors, Ale, Lager Beer, Rhine Wine and Cider, at 621 Newfield avenue, Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 15th day of Nov., A. D. 1909.

WM. T. MULLINS, Asst. Town Clerk.

To the Board of County Commissioners for Fairfield County.

I hereby apply for a license to sell Spirituous and Intoxicating Liquors, Ale, Lager Beer, Rhine Wine and Cider, at 712 Water street, Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 15th day of Nov., A. D. 1909.

WM. T. MULLINS, Asst. Town Clerk.

To the Board of County Commissioners for Fairfield County.

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Dated at Bridgeport, this 15th day of Nov., A. D. 1909.

WM. T. MULLINS, Asst. Town Clerk.

The New Woman

is one who enjoys perfect health, who is capable of doing her work, whether at the loom or in the kitchen, in the counting-house or taking her part at a social event, with unimpaired vim and vigor. That's the kind of women the nation needs.

Unfortunately, many women are physical wrecks, constantly under the cloud of ill-health, often the victims of high-strung nerves. The cause is not hard to find. Errors of diet, haste in eating, lack of exercise and inattention to certain bodily functions, all play their part. Once the germ of disease finds its lodgment, if left to do its work, it will quickly undermine the entire fabric of bodily tissue. Prevention is better than cure. Whoever has used Beecham's Pills

Appreciates the Effectiveness of

their action. As a preventive they are wonderful, as a cure equally marvelous and efficient. Women should know of this remarkable remedy. For sick headache, nervousness, irregularities from whatever cause, debility and a host of other feminine ailments there is no better nor safer medicine. At the first symptom of pain or trouble, rout the enemy and put yourself on a pedestal of perfect health by using

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The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

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